

in favor of his motion to refer the credentials to the Judiciary Committee, which was promptly negated by a party vote. The question was then put on the admission, which was passed by the same strict drawing of the party lines. Only one thing remained, which was that the first colored Senator elect should advance to the Speaker's desk and be sworn. The Vice-President made the announcement to the galleries that all demonstrations of approval or disapproval would be promptly suppressed. There had been through the debate one or two such demonstrations, once from the Republican side, when Mr. Scott, in reply to Mr. Bayard, declared that he abandoned the Democratic Party when it raised its hand in rebellion, and again when Mr. Stockton prophesied that the Democracy would soon control national affairs. In view of these facts, Mr. Colfax's announcement was somewhat necessary. When the Vice-President uttered the words, "The Senator elect will now advance and take the oath," a pin might have been heard drop. But as Senator Wilson rose in his seat and stepped to the lounge immediately behind his desk, where Mr. Revels was sitting, to escort that gentleman to the Speaker's desk, the galleries rose to their feet, that they might miss no word or lose no glimpse of what was being enacted below. The ceremony was short. Mr. Revels showed no embarrassment whatever, and his demeanor was as dignified as could be expected under the circumstances. The abuse which had been poured upon him and on his race during the last two days might well have shaken the nerves of any one. The vast throng in the galleries showed no sign of feeling one way or the other, and left very quietly.

TRIBUTE TO LARRY H. MILLER

Mr. HATCH. Mr. President, when the lights were dimmed and the spotlight shone on the empty seat at the end of Row A on the edge of the Utah Jazz basketball court last Saturday night, it symbolized so much more than the absence of its usual occupant. It demonstrated in very poignant, solemn terms the loss Utah experienced a few days ago with the death of one of its most beloved and prolific citizens, Larry H. Miller.

On Friday, February 20, 2009, Larry H. Miller quietly passed away in his home with his beloved wife and family by his side. At the age of 64, by all estimates, Larry left this earth way too early. His body had been ravaged over the past year with various medical maladies resulting from complications of Type 2 Diabetes. Yet, even though his body was physically depleted, his fighting spirit and pragmatic wisdom continued until his very last breath. I do not think anyone was really prepared to lose this mighty man.

Larry came from humble beginnings. His life story exemplified from start to finish the true American dream. By all accounts his education and intelligence was not honed in a classroom, but in the workplace of our nation. Through odd jobs and a beginning career as an auto parts stock boy, he quickly graduated to owning his first car dealership with a business deal struck in an afternoon visit with an old acquaintance.

Larry's business acumen was legendary. The risks he took were enor-

mous and the decisions he made on a daily basis would stifle even the most experienced business leader. However, because of the risks he was willing to take and the business decisions he had the courage to make, the impact he left in every corner of our State cannot be overstated.

From the days of his first car enterprise, his empire grew to include many car dealerships, movie theaters, restaurants, television and radio stations, a first-class sports arena, a race track, sports memorabilia and apparel stores, a professional baseball team, and of course, our cherished Utah Jazz.

His professional life was punctuated by hard work, ingenuity, and good old-fashioned common sense. He was a man who wore many hats, and wore them well. He was plain spoken, and very direct in sharing his thoughts and opinions. He did not live a life of flash, but one of more humble trappings. I cannot think of Larry without picturing him at so many events, no matter the importance, in his trademark casual pants and golf shirt. He was a man who lived by his own creed, and never let anyone else define him.

The relationships he developed, and consequently shared with Utah, have brushed our community with great color. Karl Malone, John Stockton, Jerry Sloan, Deron Williams, Thurl Bailey, Mark Eaton, and Jeff Hornacek are only a few people Larry befriended, hired, and mentored who have provided many hours of great sports entertainment to fans across the country. I know that personalities from time to time would clash, but at the end of the day Larry, and those who worked for or played for him, shared a mutual respect and love not often found in professional sports today.

Larry not only contributed mightily to Utah's business climate, he also served in so many ways to improve the lives of people from all walks of life. His sense of community, and love for our State, were felt by all who came into contact with him. He did so many generous acts of service for his fellow man, quietly and behind the scenes, which most will never know occurred. He believed in people, and he loved helping many find the right path to follow.

Larry Miller will forever be remembered for his business empire and leadership skills, but perhaps his greatest contribution was in the walls of his own home. He loved and cherished his wife of 48 years, Gail, as well as his five children, 21 grandchildren, and one great-grandchild. He tutored them in the ways of business, but more importantly, in the love of family. As he began facing later years, Larry was quoted on many occasions stating his renewed desire to be the kind of husband, father, and grandfather he wanted to be. Within hours of Larry passing away, Gail and their children held a news conference praising the man they had known and loved. Their strength in his passing, I believe came from the

love and care Larry had bestowed on each of them throughout his life.

Utah lost a great man, and I lost a treasured friend. Throughout the years of my service in the United States Senate I would often look to Larry Miller for his wisdom and strength. He was a rare person to find in the political world, someone who worked for the good of our State and its people, instead of furthering his own ambitions. He wanted to be remembered for his "love of Utah." And anyone who crossed paths with Larry can attest to his passion and love for our great State.

Perhaps Larry H. Miller's life can best be summarized in his own words quoted in the *Deseret News* this week. He said, "You know, I don't want this to sound boastful, but I really have had an extraordinary life." Yes, Larry did live an extraordinary life and I honor him for the contributions he made to Utah, its citizens, and most importantly to his family. His influence will never be forgotten, and his example will be followed by generations to come.

NATIONAL EYE DONOR MONTH

Mr. CHAMBLISS. Mr. President, I rise today in support of the Eye Bank Association of America, the Georgia Eye Bank, and the recognition of March as National Eye Donor Month.

Eye banks today provide for more than 50,000 corneal grafts for transplantation each year. In Georgia alone, citizens donated enough ocular tissue to provide over 1,200 corneas to their fellow Georgians. The generosity of these donors allows for better eye care and the gift of improved sight for those lucky enough to receive transplants.

The Eye Bank Association of America is the oldest transplant association in the United States and has restored sight to nearly 1 million individuals. The association was created in 1955 when 12 eye banks formed with the American Academy of Ophthalmology and Otolaryngology. Since 1961, more than 600,000 corneal transplants have been performed, restoring the sight of men, women, and children ranging from 9 days to 107 years old. This year, I am proud to commend Dr. Bruce Varnum, chair of the Eye Bank Association of America, from my home State of Georgia, for his excellent service and commitment to advancing eye transplantation and donation.

Corneal blindness can develop from a variety of diseases, injuries, or infections. These transplants have over a 90 percent success rate and give renewed hope for those in need of a new beginning.

Despite these encouraging numbers, many Americans are still left waiting in the dark. I urge my colleagues and all Americans to consider becoming eye donors to allow for the miracle of sight that so many of us take for granted. By working with the National Eye Banks Association and local eye